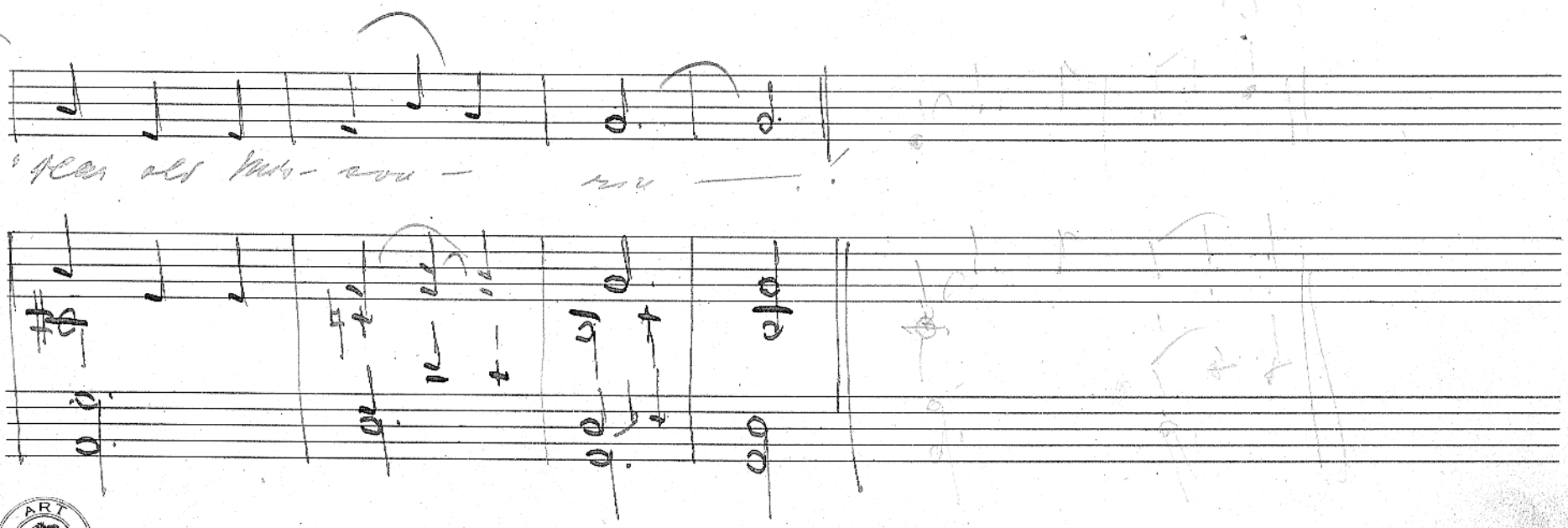
1. A Maid stands in the sha - dow of
2. The good is burning soft & gray, Fis

honeysuckle vine her thoughts roam o'er the mea - dows. For
farmers in the hills, gold flowers scent the close of day. The

her sweet dark home she pines. She's thinking of Arizona - si's hills, this
farmers heart with home thoughts fills. The ripe tall grass has changed, a

Hark angelic strees, no trees, she loves the land, where she was born, where
is my Maid of yesterday, a baby's evening voice is heard, in the
arms her baby feels. So dreaming too of home & dad and
perhaps by the way, her dreams of home are re-a-lized, she's
in her reverie. Her heart still lives in days now dead in old Mis-sou-
-ri, her hopes & joys In Nature smiles & all is glad in
mi-, her heart still lives in days now dead in old-Mis-sou-ri.
In Nature smiles & all is glad



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